July 16, 1955

RAMAR

TV'S KING OF JUNGLE ADVENTURE

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

Ramar of the jungle

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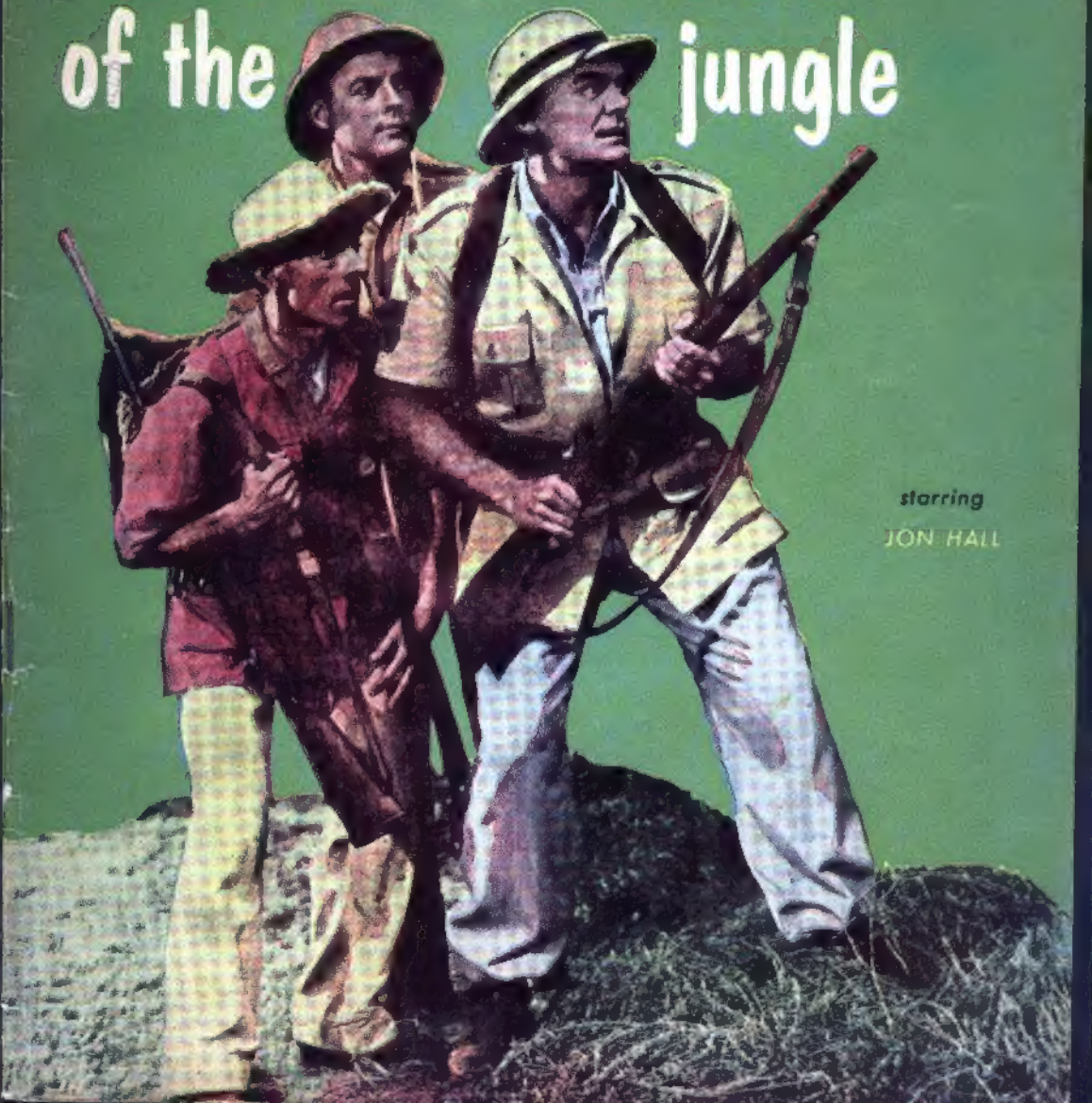
No. 2



starring JON HALL

EGBERT
THE EXPLORER
A FISH TALE!
HERE'S AN ALBUM WITH PHOTOGRAPHS FROM MY LATEST TRIP!
OH, HOW INTERESTING! MAY WE SEE IT?
CERTAINLY! NOW THIS IS A PICTURE OF A VERY REMOTE FISHING VILLAGE WHERE I STAYED FOR A WEEK!
ALL THE OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS ON THESE PAGES ARE PICTURES OF THE NATIVES THERE!
WHAT DO THOSE PEOPLE LIVE ON?
FISH, MOSTLY!
HUH? BUT I THOUGHT FISH WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A BRAIN FOOD! THESE PEOPLE ARE SOME OF THE MOST DULL-WITTED SPECIMENS I'VE EVER SEEN!
ALBUM
WELL, JUST THINK WHAT THEY WOULD LOOK LIKE IF THEY DIDN'T EAT FISH!
!!
!!

EGBERT
THE EXPLORER
CURED!
WE'RE NEARING CANNIBAL TERRITORY NOW, ALF!
(GULP) WE ARE, EGBERT?
ER, TELL ME, EGBERT, DO THOSE CANNIBALS REALLY EAT HUMAN BEINGS?
THEY SURE DO!
GOSH, THAT'S TERRIBLE!
YES, BUT THEY HAVE THEIR TROUBLES, TOO! THE LAST TIME I WAS HERE, THE CANNIBAL CHIEF HAD ULCERS!
THE CANNIBAL CHIEF HAD ULCERS?
YES! BUT THE WITCH DOCTOR CURED HIM AND TOLD HIM---
--"YOU'RE WELL NOW, YOU CAN EAT ANYBODY!"
(GASP) !!!

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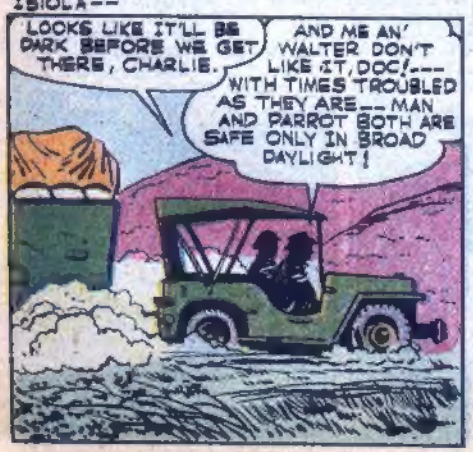
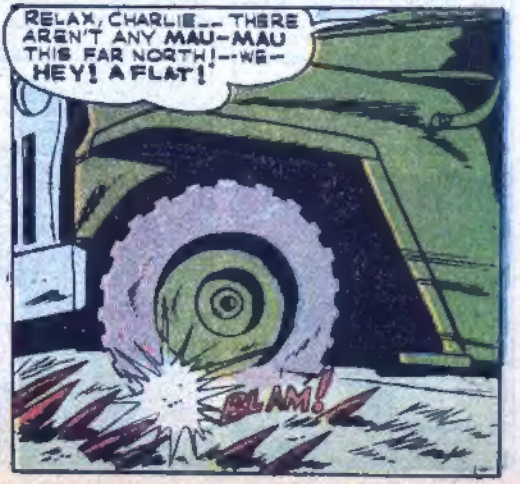
RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

IN "OASIS OF FEAR"

IN NORTHERN KENYA, ON THE TRAIL TO ISIOLA--


LOOKS LIKE IT'LL BE DARK BEFORE WE GET THERE, CHARLIE.
AND ME AN' WALTER DON'T LIKE IT, DOC!--- WITH TIMES TROUBLED AS THEY ARE-- MAN AND PARROT BOTH ARE SAFE ONLY IN BROAD DAYLIGHT!



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

YOU STILL ASKING US TO RELAX, DOC? IF THE MAU-MAU DIDN'T PLANT THESE SPIKES, WHO DID---?
HMMMMM--- COULD BE YOU HAVE SOMETHING THERE?
SUDDENLY, WALTER BEGINS TO CHATTER EXCITEDLY--
WHAT'S BOTHERING HIM?
DOC--- LOOK!
RAMAR AND CHARLIE CLEAR THEIR HOLSTERS FAST--
FIRE OVER THEIR HEADS! THAT'LL BE ENOUGH TO SCARE THEM AWAY!
THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M DOING, DOC!--BUT WILL IT BE ENOUGH TO KEEP THEM AWAY---?
THERE THEY GO!--- STAND GUARD, CHARLIE--- I'LL CHANGE THE TIRE!
ME AND WALTER ARE SAYING IT AGAIN, DOC--- WE DON'T LIKE IT! THE MAU-MAU'S GOT WIND OF WHAT WE'RE HEADING NORTH FOR!.. THEY'RE OUT TO STOP US... AND THE NEXT TIME, THEY'LL BE PLAYING FOR KEEPS!
LATER, AT THE DISTRICT COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE IN ISIOLO--
DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU, DR. REYNOLDS!.. YOU TOO, CHARLIE. SIT DOWN, PLEASE--I'LL FILL YOU IN ON YOUR MISSION HERE...!
TILL NOW THE MAU-MAU'S MADE NO HEADWAY WITH THE MASAI TRIBE IN THIS DISTRICT! BUT RECENTLY WE'VE RECEIVED INFORMATION THAT THEY'RE STEPPING UP THEIR RECRUITING DRIVE!

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

THIS IS ONE DISTRICT WHERE WE'VE NEVER HAD TROUBLE WITH THE NATIVES! BUT THEIR'S IS SUCH A DEUCEDLY HARD LOT UP HERE!... IF THE MAU-MAU COULD EVER MANAGE TO TURN THEIR GENERAL BITTERNESS INTO A SPECIFIC HATRED OF THE WHITES, THERE'D BE THE DEVIL TO PAY! YOU'VE NEVER BEEN UP TO THE NORTHERN FRONTIER OF KENYA BEFORE --HAVE YOU...?

WELL...IT'S A GRIM FORBIDDING LAND, BONE DRY MOST OF THE TIME--- BUT TWICE A YEAR, THERE ARE FIERCE FLOODS!

DURING THE DRY SEASON, THE ONLY SOURCES OF WATER ARE THE LUGAS--- THE RIVER BEDS CARVED OUT BY THE FLOODS. THESE ARE DRY OASES--- SAND-COVERED TRICKLES OF FILTHY WATER, AND THE POOR NATIVES HAVE TO COMPETE FOR THAT WATER WITH EVERY BEAST, BIRD, AND REPTILE AROUND...!

WE'VE ALWAYS TRIED TO RAISE THEIR STANDARD OF LIVING--BUT NOW WITH THE MAU-MAUS PROPOGANDIZING THEM, WE HAVE TO COME THROUGH WITH SOMETHING CONCRETE AND DRAMATIC!

AND SO YOU PUT THROUGH THE CALL FOR DOC REYNOLDS, RIGHT?

PRECISELY! THE NATIVES HAVE HEARD OF YOU UP HERE, SIR! THEY CALL YOU RAMAR--- WHITE WITCH DOCTOR! IF YOU COULD SET UP ONE OF YOUR HEALTH STATIONS...!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT ATTACK ON US BACK ON THE TRAIL?

THAT COMPLICATES MATTERS, I ADMIT. IT MEANS THE MAU-MAU KNOWS OF OUR PLANS...! IT'LL BE DANGEROUS WORK, DOCTOR! AND I CANNOT ORDER YOU TO SET UP A STATION--- THE DECISION MUST BE YOURS!

WE'LL BE GLAD TO GIVE IT A TRY, SIR. ALL WE ASK IS ONE GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP--- AND WE'LL START OUT FIRST THING IN THE MORNING!

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

THE NEXT DAY, AT THE MASAI CAMP ONE OF THE LUGAS--

WE HAVE HEARD OF YOU, RAMAR. OUR HEARTS ARE FILLED WITH GLADNESS THAT YOU HAVE COME. YOU TAKE MBEYU. HE WILL BE YOUR NUMBER ONE BOY WHILE YOU ARE WITH US.

YOU HEAR THE CHIEF, CHARLIE? HIS SPEECH DOESN'T SOUND LIKE HE'S BEEN REACHED BY THE MAU-MAU!
WAS A BIT OF ALL RIGHT. BUT DID YOU SEE HIS WITCH DOCTOR! THAT BLOKE WASN'T GLAD TO SEE US BY A LONG SHOT...!
MEDICAL SUPPLIES
PENICILLIN

FOR A WEEK EVERYTHING GOES SMOOTHLY... BUT THEN ONE NIGHT---

BWANA GOOD MAN. HE HELPS MASAI. MY PEOPLE LIKE HIM.
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW GLAD I AM TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT, CHAPPIE -!
MEDICAL SUPPLIES

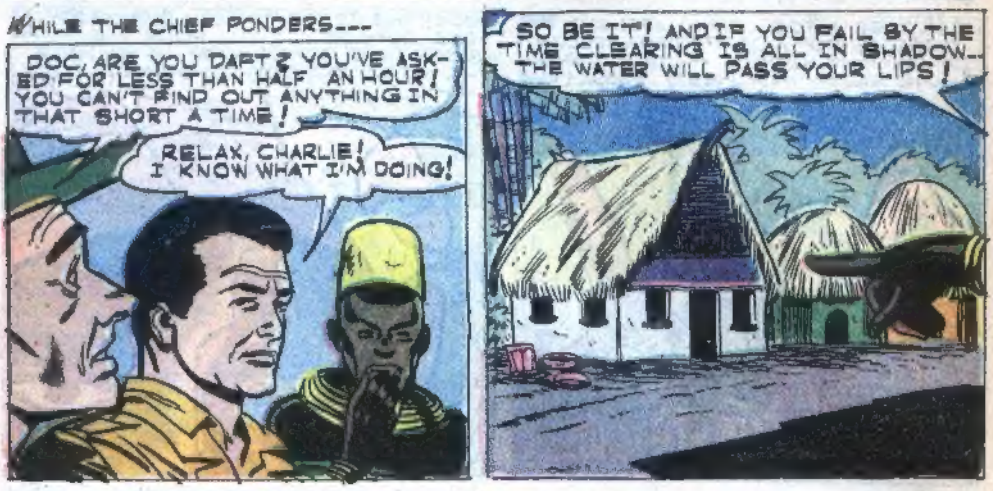
BUT AFTER A SHARP TURN IN THE TRAIL---

YOU HEAR ANYTHING?
NO--- NOT YET! WE'LL SWEAT IT OUT A LITTLE LONGER--- THEN START BACK FOR THE STATION! IF WE EVER GET THERE IN ONE PIECE, WE'LL START RIGHT IN TRYING TO FIND OUT WHAT WAS BEHIND THIS WILD GOOSE CHASE...!

LATER...
ME HEAR NOTHING, RAMAR! ME KNOW NOTHING ABOUT BOY TILL YOU TELL ME NOW!
NOTHING WE CAN DO CHARLIE, BUT KEEP OUR EYES WIDE OPEN. TROUBLE'S BLOWING... THE ONLY QUESTION IS... WHEN WILL IT HIT?
IN THE MORNING...
WHAT'S UP, CHIEF?
TWO OF MY PEOPLE DIE DURING THE NIGHT! MY WITCH DOCTOR SAY IT IS YOUR FAULT!
MY FAULT? I'M HERE TO HELP YOUR PEOPLE! USE YOUR HEAD... WOULD I COME WITHOUT SOLDIERS IF I MEANT TO DO HARM?
HE DROP POISON IN LUGA. OUR PEOPLE DRINK WATER FROM LUGA...THEY DIE!
DON'T BE A FOOL, MAN— THERE IS NOT A DROP OF ANYTHING HARMFUL AMONG ALL MY MEDICINES!
LIES! ALL LIES! FOLLOW ME— I SHOW YOU...!
LOOK! THIS IS THE POISON... EVERYBODY COME OUTSIDE— I WILL POUR THE POISON INTO SOME WATER. WE WILL GIVE THE WATER TO A DOG TO DRINK...!
CHARLIE, DID YOU HEAR WHAT WALTER WAS SQUAWKING WHEN WE ALL WALKED IN?
TO BE FRANK WITH YOU, DOC, I WAS TOO BUSY THINKING OF MY LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT...!
SEE! THE DOG IS SICK! RAMAR IS LIKE ALL THE OTHERS— OUR ENEMY!

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

THAT POISON WAS PLANTED IN THERE, CHIEF! YOU HAVE TO BELIEVE ME!
I BELIEVE MY EYES! MY PEOPLE FELL JUST AS THE DOG DID! AND NOW..
YOU TWO WILL DRINK THE SAME WATER!
HOLD IT! LISTEN, CHIEF... YOU CALL ME RAMAR... RIGHT? THAT MEANS WHITE WITCH DOCTOR... RIGHT? WELL, LET ME TRY TO WORK SOME SORT OF MAGIC. JUST GIVE ME AS MUCH TIME AS IT TAKES THAT SHADOW TO MOVE ACROSS THE CLEARING... THAT'S ALL I NEED TO FIND OUT WHO THE REAL POISONER IS!

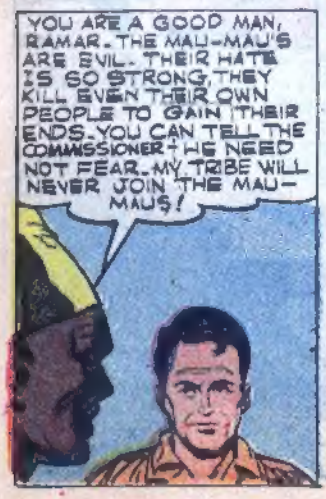

WHILE THE CHIEF PONDERS...
DOC, ARE YOU DAFT? YOU'VE ASKED FOR LESS THAN HALF AN HOUR! YOU CAN'T FIND OUT ANYTHING IN THAT SHORT A TIME!
RELAX, CHARLIE! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!
SO BE IT! AND IF YOU FAIL BY THE TIME CLEARING IS ALL IN SHADOW.. THE WATER WILL PASS YOUR LIPS!

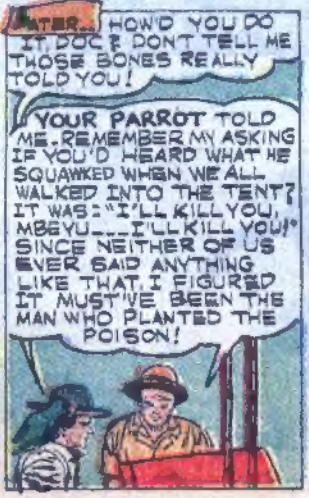
TEN MINUTES GONE BY ALREADY!... AND ALL DOC'S DONE SO FAR IS GET THAT DUFFEL FROM THE TRAILER! NOW HE'S LAID IT ALL OUT ON THE GROUND BEFORE HIM!... THERE'S A CALABASH FULL OF COURIE SHELL... REEDBUCK HORNS... AND A STICK WITH SEVEN TAILS AND SEVEN KNOTS TIED IN THE TAILS!... THEY'RE THE PROPER GADGETS ALL RIGHT... BUT WHWHAT'S THE DOC GOIN' TO DO WITH THEM?
THE TRIBESMEN FORM A CIRCLE. RAMAR SLOWLY WALKS ... SLOWLY... SLOWLY... STARING HARD INTO EACH MAN'S EYES...

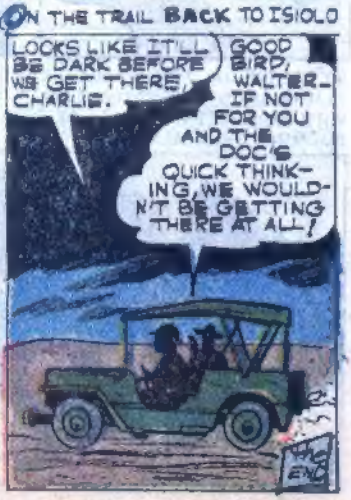
RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

SUDDENLY! THE BONES NEVER LIE! THE BONES TELL ME YOU KNOW WHO PLANTED THE BONES IN MY TENT! TELL MBEYU ... OR YOUR PEOPLE WILL DO A GREAT WRONG!

MBEYU'S FACE BECOMES SERIOUS--THEN HE POINTS TO THE WITCH DOCTOR....
OUR WITCH DOCTOR--HE IS THE ONE! HE IS OF THE MAU-MAU! HE POISONED THE LUGA HIMSELF---AND CAME TO THE TENT AFTER THE BOY HAD CALLED YOU AWAY! I-I TRIED TO STOP HIM---BUT HE SAID HE WOULD KILL ME!


YOU ARE A GOOD MAN, RAMAR. THE MAU-MAU'S ARE EVIL. THEIR HATE IS SO STRONG, THEY KILL EVEN THEIR OWN PEOPLE TO GAIN THEIR ENDS. YOU CAN TELL THE COMMISSIONER HE NEED NOT FEAR. MY TRIBE WILL NEVER JOIN THE MAU-MAUS!

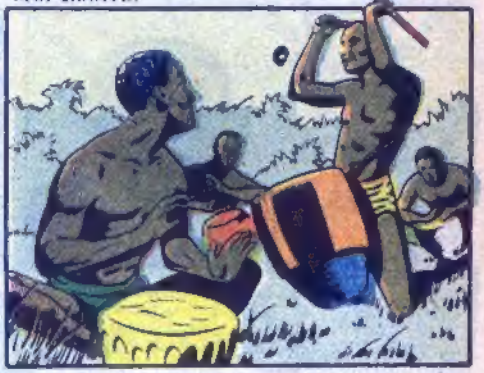

LATER... HOW'D YOU DO IT, DOC? DON'T TELL ME THOSE BONES REALLY TOLD YOU!
YOUR PARROT TOLD ME. REMEMBER MY ASKING IF YOU'D HEARD WHAT HE SQUAWKED WHEN WE ALL WALKED INTO THE TENT? IT WAS: "I'LL KILL YOU, MBEYU---I'LL KILL YOU!" SINCE NEITHER OF US EVER SAID ANYTHING LIKE THAT, I FIGURED IT MUST'VE BEEN THE MAN WHO PLANTED THE POISON!


ON THE TRAIL BACK TO ISIOLO
LOOKS LIKE IT'LL BE DARK BEFORE WE GET THERE, CHARLIE.
GOOD BIRD, WALTER--IF NOT FOR YOU AND THE DOC'S QUICK THINKING, WE WOULDN'T BE GETTING THERE AT ALL!
THE END

TROPICAL TOPICS

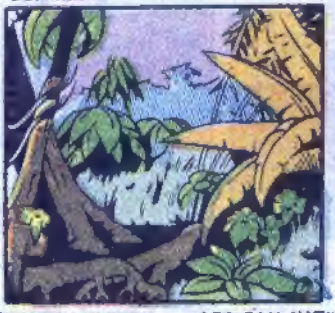
WHEN IN NEED OF FOOD OR OTHER NECESSITIES, THE AUSTRALIAN NATIVES PLACE A FORKED STICK IN THE GROUND, AND NEAR IT TEN MEN PERFORM A STRANGE DANCE, LASTING ALL NIGHT...

NATIVES WILL BEAT THE DRUM FOR DAYS ON END WITHOUT STOPPING TO REST, WHEN SUMMONING NEIGHBORING TRIBES TOGETHER OR FOR THE WAR CHANT...



CURIOUS HEADRESS MARKS THE COIFFURES OF THE WIVES OF TRIBAL CHIEFS IN THE BELGIAN CONGO THE HAIR IS BOUND WITH THONGS TO FORM A FUNNEL SHAPED ADORNMENT AT THE BACK OF THE HEAD...

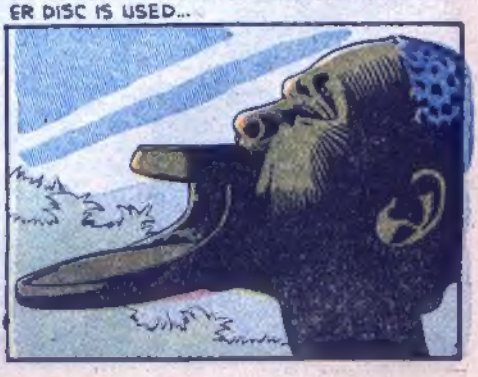
THE JUNGLE OF AFRICA IS MORE THAN HALF THE SIZE OF THE U.S. HUGE TREES GROWING CLOSELY TOGETHER AND LOOPED WITH FANTASTIC VINES AND UNDERGROWTH FORM THIS GIGANTIC JUNGLE...



DURING THE PRACTICE OF CERTAIN RITES, THE MAORI PRIEST IS UNDER A TABOO; HE MUST NOT BE TOUCHED, AND A WOMAN IS SENT TO FEED HIM...

AT THE ANNUAL FIRE-WALKING CEREMONY IN THE FIJI ISLANDS, THE NATIVES WALK AND DANCE WITH BARE FEET ON WHITE-HOT ROCKS WITHOUT BURNING THEMSELVES.

AFRICAN NATIVES STRETCH THEIR LIPS TO TREMENDOUS SIZE TO ATTAIN BEAUTY. A LITTLE WOODEN DISC IS USED AND EACH YEAR A LARGER DISC IS USED...



RAMAR in THE RED DEATH!

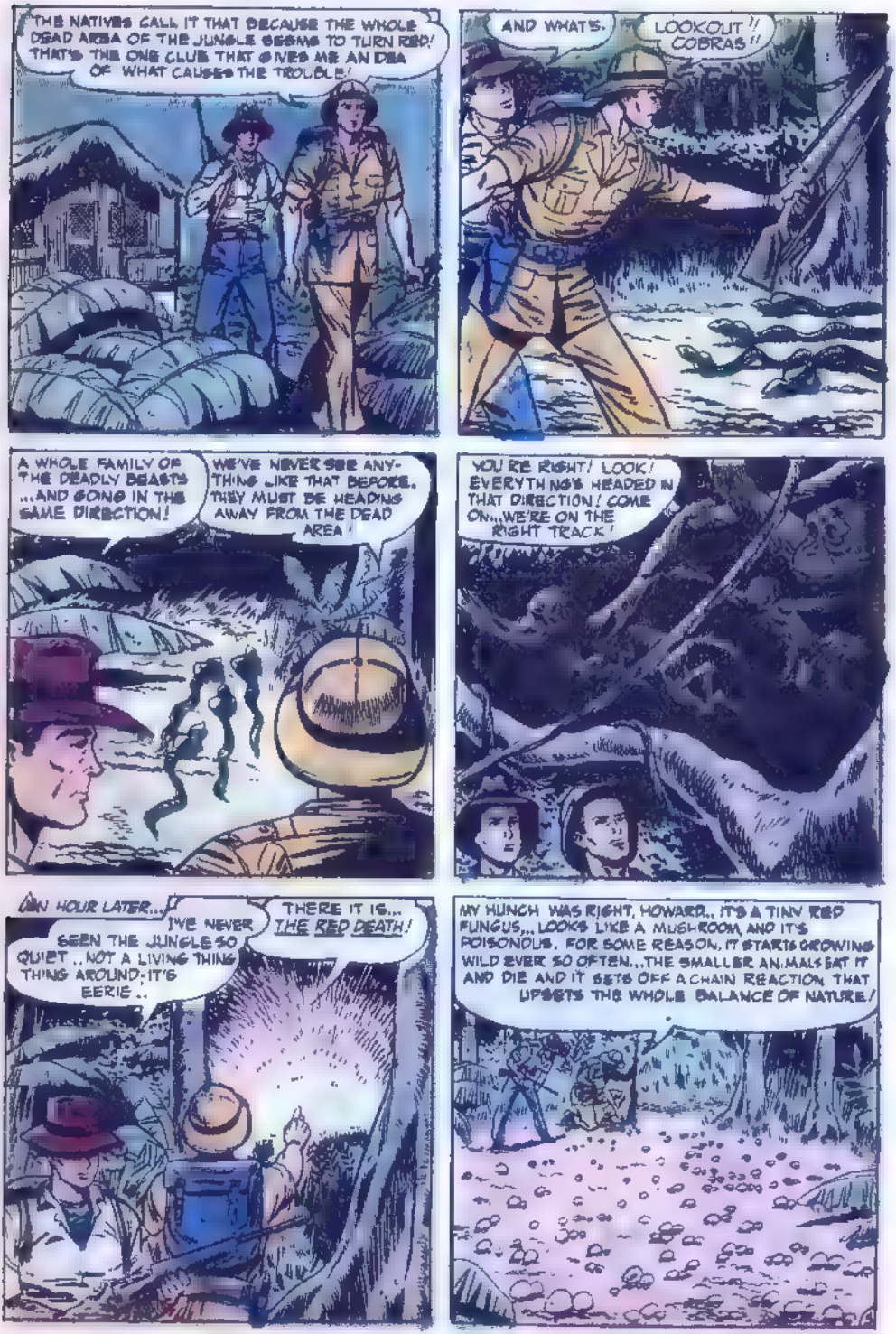
IN THE MIST STEAMING JUNGLES OF AFRICA, WHERE SUNLIGHT BARELY PENETRATES THE TOPMOST LAYER OF THICK GREEN GROWTH, LIFE HAS DEVELOPED INTO AN ENDLESS CHAIN WHICH SCIENTISTS CALL "THE BALANCE OF NATURE." WHEN THE CHAIN OPERATES SMOOTHLY LIFE GOES ON IN NORMAL FASHION. BUT WHEN THE CHAIN IS INTERRUPTED.. CATASTROPHE STRIKES—AS RAMAR DISCOVERED IN ONE OF HIS STRANGEST ADVENTURES SINCE HE CAME TO THE DARK CONTINENT!

HERE IS THE JUNGLE "BALANCE OF NATURE" WITH EACH SUCCESSIVELY MORE POWERFUL ANIMAL FEEDING ON THE ONE BELOW IT IN THE "CHAIN," AND THE VEGETARIANS FEEDING ON THE ROOTS, ETC.! AND LUXURIANT PLANT LIFE..

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

BUT WHEN THE CHAIN IS INTERRUPTED..
YES HE'S IN A HURRY TOO .. I WONDER WHAT THE TROUBLE IS ?
THAT LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THE MASAI RUNNERS, HOWARD..
MY CHIEF SEND ME..TELL YOU RAMAR PACK UR EVERYTH NG AND COME WITH US... WHOLE TRIBE MOVE ...MUST HURRY '
YOUR WHOLE TRIBE MOV NG ? BUT WHY.. AND WHERE TO... ?
ALL TRIBES IN AREA MOVING... IT IS THE RED DEATH !
THE RED DEATH ! WE VE HEARD FROM THE NATIVES ABOUT THAT STRANGE PHENOMENON, HOWARD.. NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO SEE IT FIRSTHAND.
BUT YOU CANNOT STAY ! IT IS DANGEROUS ! YOU MUST COME WITH US !
WE'LL BE CAREFUL... TELL YOUR CHIEF NOT TO START MOVING THE TRIBE TILL HE HEARS FROM ME.'
IT'S A STRANGE THING, HOWARD.. ABOUT EVERY TEN YEARS, ALL THE SMALLER ANIMALS IN A PARTICULAR AREA BEGIN TO DIE OFF, AS THE AREA SPREADS, THE LARGER ANIMALS BEGIN ROAMING IN WIDER CIRCLES FOR FOOD..
.. SOON, THEIR HUNGER DRIVES THEM TO ATTACKING THE NATIVES... WHICH CAUSES WHOLE TRIBES TO MOVE TO NEW COUNTRY !
BUT WHY IS IT CALLED THE RED DEATH ?

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

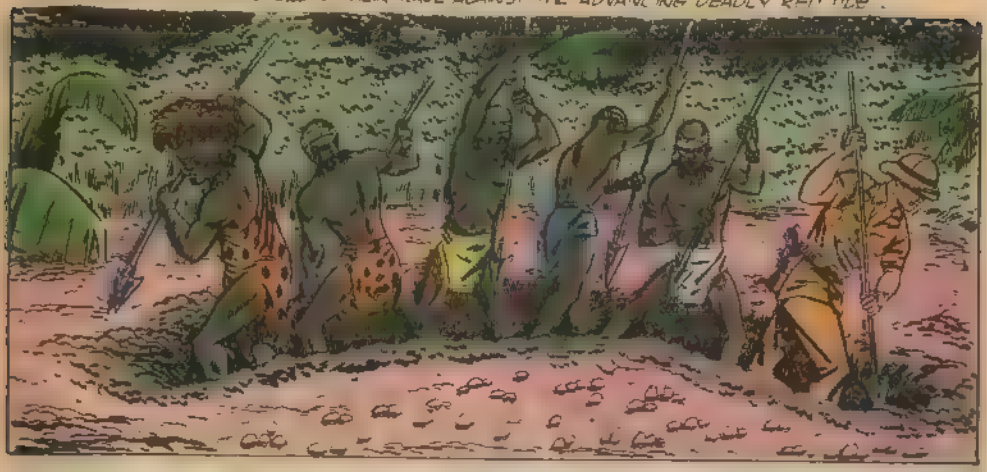

THE NATIVES CALL IT THAT BECAUSE THE WHOLE DEAD AREA OF THE JUNGLE SEEMS TO TURN RED! THAT'S THE ONE CLUE THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA OF WHAT CAUSED THE TROUBLE!
AND WHAT'S.
LOOKOUT!! COBRAS!!
A WHOLE FAMILY OF THE DEADLY BEASTS ...AND GOING IN THE SAME DIRECTION!
WE'VE NEVER SEE ANYTHING LIKE THAT BEFORE. THEY MUST BE HEADING AWAY FROM THE DEAD AREA!
YOU'RE RIGHT! LOOK! EVERYTHING'S HEADED IN THAT DIRECTION! COME ON...WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK!
AN HOUR LATER...
I'VE NEVER SEEN THE JUNGLE SO QUIET..NOT A LIVING THING THING AROUND; IT'S EERIE..
THERE IT IS... THE RED DEATH!
MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT, HOWARD.. IT'S A TINY RED FUNGUS,.. LOOKS LIKE A MUSHROOM, AND IT'S POISONOUS. FOR SOME REASON, IT STARTS GROWING WILD EVERY SO OFTEN...THE SMALLER ANIMALS EAT IT AND DIE AND IT SETS OFF A CHAIN REACTION THAT UPSETS THE WHOLE BALANCE OF NATURE!

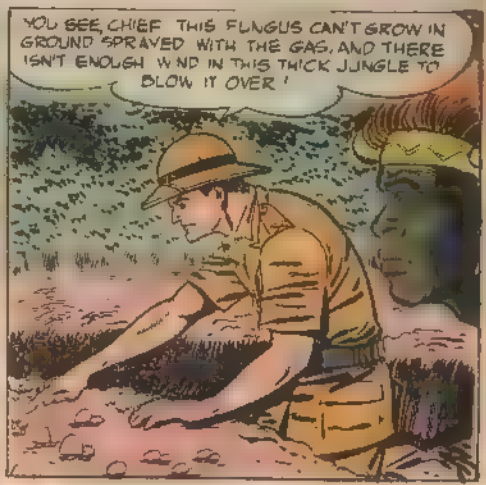
RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

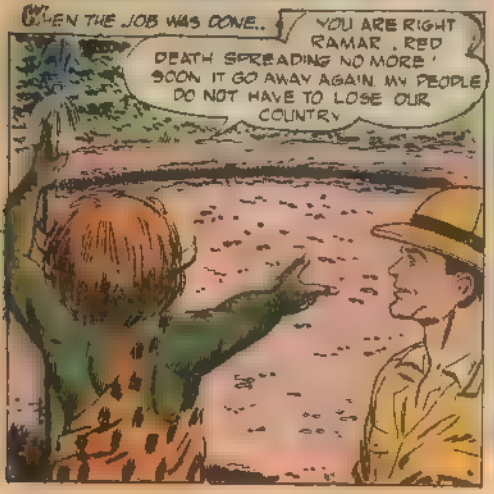
AFTER AWHILE IT JUST DIES OUT AS SUDDENLY AS IT STARTED TO SPREAD!
BUT TOO LATE TO SAVE THE AREA FOR THE NATIVES UNLUCKY ENOUGH TO BE CURED!
COME ON, HOWARD... I THINK I KNOW HOW WE CAN SAVE THIS COUNTRY FOR OUR MASAI FRIENDS... IF WE HURRY BEFORE THE FUNGUS SPREAD TOO FAR!
BOOM...
NO CHIEF YOU DON'T HAVE TO MOVE YOUR TRIBE...TRUST ME... GIVE ME ALL YOUR YOUNG MEN, AND WE CAN STOP THE RED DEATH BEFORE IT RUINS YOUR COUNTRY!
YOU HAVE BEEN GOOD FRIEND, RAMAR... I TRUST YOU! MY MEN ARE YOURS!
SEIZE YOUR SPEARS AND FOLLOW ME!
HOWARD, TAKE A FEW OF THEM BACK TO OUR CAMP AND BRING OUR POWER SPRAY AND A FEW TANKS OF GASOLINE
BACK AT THE AREA OF THE SPREADING RED DEATH...
THERE'S YOUR RED KILLER! DON'T BE AFRAID OF IT... IT CAN'T HARM YOU IF YOU DON'T EAT IT!
FIRST WE'LL DIG A WIDE TRENCH AROUND THE WHOLE AREA... CHIEF, YOU TAKE A GROUP IN THAT DIRECTION... I'LL START HERE... WE'LL DIG UNTIL WE MEET!

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

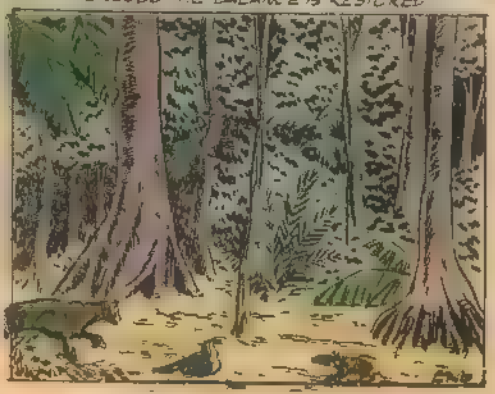
AND SO THE TWO PARTIES BEGIN THEIR RACE AGAINST THE ADVANCING DEADLY RED TIDE.

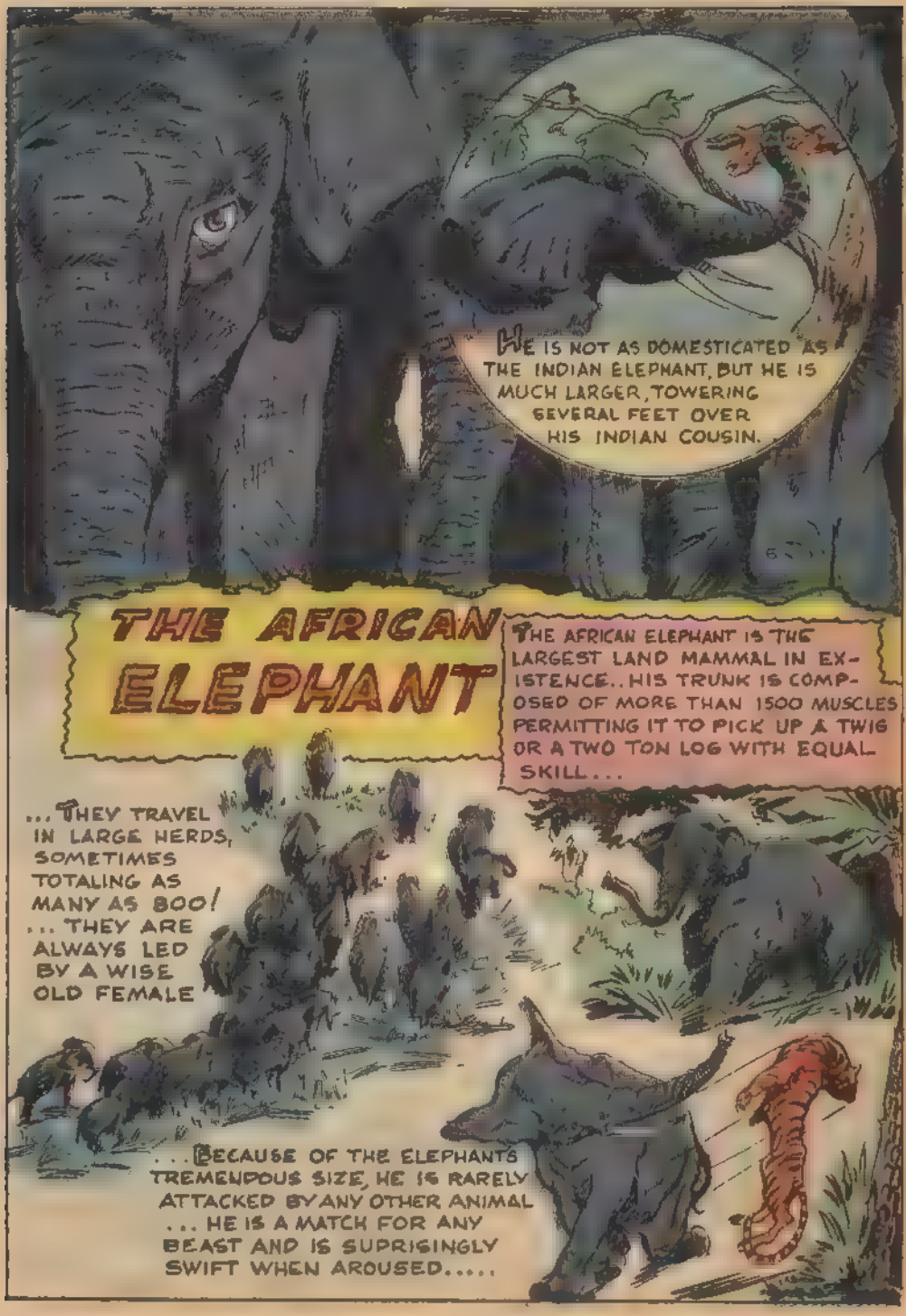



YOU SEE, CHIEF THIS FUNGUS CAN'T GROW IN GROUND SPRAYED WITH THE GAS, AND THERE ISN'T ENOUGH WIND IN THIS THICK JUNGLE TO BLOW IT OVER!


WHEN THE JOB WAS DONE..
YOU ARE RIGHT RAMAR. RED DEATH SPREADING NO MORE! SOON IT GO AWAY AGAIN. MY PEOPLE DO NOT HAVE TO LOSE OUR COUNTRY

DESPITE ITS LUSH WILDNESS, THE JUNGLE IS IN AN AREA WHERE LIFE IS IN DELICATE BALANCE WITH NATURE. WHEN SOMETHING HAPPENS TO DISTURB THE BALANCE ALL LIFE WILL EVENTUALLY DIE UNLESS THE BALANCE IS RESTORED




HE IS NOT AS DOMESTICATED AS THE INDIAN ELEPHANT, BUT HE IS MUCH LARGER, TOWERING SEVERAL FEET OVER HIS INDIAN COUSIN.
THE AFRICAN ELEPHANT
THE AFRICAN ELEPHANT IS THE LARGEST LAND MAMMAL IN EXISTENCE.. HIS TRUNK IS COMPOSED OF MORE THAN 1500 MUSCLES PERMITTING IT TO PICK UP A TWIG OR A TWO TON LOG WITH EQUAL SKILL...
...THEY TRAVEL IN LARGE HERDS, SOMETIMES TOTALING AS MANY AS 800! ... THEY ARE ALWAYS LED BY A WISE OLD FEMALE
...BECAUSE OF THE ELEPHANTS TREMENDOUS SIZE, HE IS RARELY ATTACKED BY ANY OTHER ANIMAL ... HE IS A MATCH FOR ANY BEAST AND IS SUPRISINGLY SWIFT WHEN AROUSED.....

The COWBOY and the CAYMAN!

IN NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER, THE SWAMPS, RIVERS AND LAKES OF MARAJO ISLAND DRY UP AND THE COWBOYS RELISH THE SPORT OF ROPING THEIR HARD-PRESSED ENEMIES! THE CAYMANS ARE DRIVEN TOWARD A SIDE OF THE POOL AND CAPTURED ONE BY ONE! AFTER DRAGGING THEIR QUARRY FROM THE WATER, THE BASE OF ITS POWERFUL TAIL IS SEVERED BY THE STROKE OF A HUNTING KNIFE! THE BEAST IS THEN SLAIN BY A BLOW ON THE BACK OF THE NECK, OR A STAB IN THE EYE!

COWBOY LASSOES CAYMAN IN A SHRUNKEN POOL!

WITH HIS LASSO, THE COWBOY REMOVES ANOTHER THREAT TO THE CATTLE OF MARAJO! CAYMANS, BY THE THOUSANDS, INFEST THE SWAMPS OF THE ISLAND IN THE RAINY SEASON! HUNTING THE CROCODILES AT NIGHT IS A FAVORITE SPORT! FROM A CANOE, THE HUNTERS DISTURB THE BEAST, BEAMS OF A FLASH-LIGHT REFLECT IN THEIR EYES, WHICH BURN IN THE DARKNESS LIKE SMOLDERING COALS!

IN THE DRY SEASON, THE PARTIAL DRYING-UP OF THE LAKES AND SWAMPS ON MARAJO ISLAND, DRIVE THE CROCS INTO NARROW QUARTERS, WHERE THE COWBOYS CORNER AND KILL LARGE NUMBERS! AS THE WATERS RECEDE IN THE LATE FALL, SOME OF THE CAYMANS BURY THEMSELVES IN THE MUD AND LIE DORMANT UNTIL THE RAINS OF JANUARY!

PULLS IN A CAY-

THESE LUMINOUS EYES PROVIDE A PERFECT TARGET FOR RIFLES!

CAYMAN HUNTER RIDING OVER DRIED-UP LAKE BOTTOM!

TOWED BY OXEN THIS CANOE CARRIES A CAYMAN HUNTER OVER A FLOODED LAND IN THE RAINY SEASON! TRAVEL BY HORSE IS IMPOSSIBLE, BECAUSE A MAN'S WEIGHT WOULD SINK THE HORSE IN THE MIRE, TIRING IT QUICKLY!

OXEN, WITH CLOVEN HOOFS, WHICH SPREAD PADDLE-LIKE, ARE INDISPENSABLE TO MARAJO TRAVEL!

OXEN TOW A CANOE!

THE PROTESTING ANIMALS ARE DRIVEN DOWN THE NARROW PASSAGE WHICH LEADS TO THE RIVER! AS EACH ANIMAL ARRIVES AT THE END NEAR THE WATER, WHERE THE STEAMER IS ANCHORED, TWO ROPES ARE THROWN OVER ITS HORNS AND THE CREATURE IS THEN RUSHED ACROSS THE GANGWAY!

A STEER GOES FOR RIVER VOYAGE!

BEAR TRAP BLUES

By Dick Kraus

JIMMY CRACKER'S hobby was hunting and fishing—with a little bit of trapping thrown in for good luck.

Through the fall of the year, the slender, freckle-faced ranch boy loved to hunt deer through the brilliantly colored oak forests of the Ononta country. Often during the spring and summer, he would wait in concealing underbrush for clouds of pintail duck and Canada geese to come wheeling over his poised shotgun. His cleverly constructed snares and traps, set along the creek edges near his father's ranch, brought him many a sleek muskrat pelt to trade in at the Ononta general store.

But now it was winter, and a heavy blizzard blanketed the fields and blotted out the sky.

Close to the glowing pot-bellied stove in the frame ranch house where he lived with his father, Newt Cracker, Jimmy worked on a new project. During the fall, he had swapped a Barlow knife for an old bear trap. With nothing else to do, he began to repair the trap, oiling it, fixing its powerful spring and straightening and filing its rusted teeth.

As Jimmy worked, his father smoked a pipe, reading a month-old copy of the town weekly. Suddenly, there was an angry rapping at the heavy-beamed front door.

Jimmy sprang forward to open it. Into the room, matted with a layer of white snow, came the sheriff of Ononta, big Chet Rodgers.

"Newt!" he exclaimed. "I'm glad to find you home."

Jimmy's father slowly put down his pipe and stood up. "What is it, Chet?" he asked. "Trouble?"

"Trouble?" Sheriff Rodgers' cold-stiffened lips drew into a wry smile. "I'll say so! There's been a break over at the penitentiary in Pottstown. Four convicts got away! We managed to round up three of the galoots pretty fast. But one of them—Big Al Murdock—is still on the loose . . . and they say he's hiding out in the woods near here. I'm rounding up a posse to search for him. Will you come, Newt?"

Newt Cracker made no reply. None was needed. In the ranch and forest country, it was every man's job to come to the aid of his neighbors—and to help the law when the call came. Quickly, he threw on a heavy, sheep-lined jacket, and picked up a double-barreled shotgun. Then he turned to his son.

"Jimmy," he began. "You hear what's up. I'm riding off with Chet Rodgers here! We may—"

Suddenly he stopped.

"Hold on!" he snapped. "Are you still meddling with that rusty old bear trap? I thought I told you to chuck that on the junk heap out back! It's no good—and it's dangerous. Liable to chop your hand off . . . or give you poisoning if you scratch yourself on it."

Jimmy Cracker rose in swift defense of his trap. "But I'll be careful with it," he pleaded. "And I'm liable to catch a bear with it—once I get it all fixed up!"

"A bear?" His father started through the door. "There isn't a bear left in these woods! No . . . you'd better throw it out!" Then he was gone in the storm . . .

The boy squatted again by the bear trap, his brow furrowed in thought. Since his mother had died, a few years before, his father had brought him up—and had been as worried and crochety about his only son as a red hen over her brood of chicks! Always afraid he would hurt himself—always on tenterhooks until he got back from his fishing or hunting trips.

"But this bear trap!" he muttered resentfully. "That's too much. I reckon I can take care of myself with it!"

He sat back cross-legged, took a bolt and began to toy with it. Idly he slipped it into its proper place in the trap and began to

tighten it. Leaning forward to get a better grip on the wrench, he forgot everything else—and was at work again!

How long he worked on the huge iron trap, while the snow slashed at the shingled ranch house roof, Jimmy Cracker couldn't have said. The first thing he knew was when the front door whipped open, letting in a blast of icy air and stinging flakes of snow.

Turning quickly, the boy began to say, "Dad! You're—"

"No! Not your dad!" It was a big man . . . one of the biggest that Jimmy Cracker had ever seen. He stumbled into the room, clothes sheathed in snow and ice, but with his gloved hands holding a shotgun that was leveled straight at the boy!

"The escaped convict! Y-you're Big Al Murdock!" The words slipped out before Jimmy realized what he was saying.

"Smart boy," the convict grinned mirthlessly. "Mebbe too smart. Anybody else home?" Swiftly, using the barrel of his shotgun, he flung open the closet doors and the doors that led to the kitchen and the attic stairs. "Reckon we're alone!"

He whirled toward Jimmy, his face stern and brutal in the flickering light.

"Listen," he husked. "You know my name—so you know that I don't mind cutting you in half with this buckshot beauty! Don't rile me, boy! First, I'm tying you up . . . Then I'm going in that kitchen to make myself some chow. Then I'm taking one of those fine horses you got under your shed back yonder. I'm making tracks out of here—back toward Pottstown. They won't expect me to be on a horse and heading that way—so I aim to slip through."

Quickly, he caught up a length of heavy twine that lay on a shelf. Wrenching hard at the strong cord, he bound Jimmy's wrists and ankles . . . . . Then, clutching his rifle again, he stepped into the kitchen, closing the door behind him.

* * * * * * * * *

The ranch boy lay there on the plank floor, fists clenched. While his father was out there in the storm with the posse, this outlaw had surprised him! He was getting warm in *his* house, eating *his* food, and soon he would be riding *his* horse to freedom!

"I've got to stop him . . ." Jimmy Cracker muttered to himself. "I've *got* to!"

But how? How could he get loose? His eyes roamed around the room—and settled on one thing. The bear trap! Quickly, noiselessly, he wriggled along the floor to its side. Working with desperate haste, he began to saw the bonds that held his wrists against the jagged teeth of the trap!

"Dad told me . . . to throw this out . . ." he whispered softly. "I hope he doesn't mind if . . . I make use of it once more . . "

Scraping frantically, he soon frayed—and then broke—the cord around his wrists. Then reaching forward, he untied the knots of the twine around his ankles. In another moment, he was free!

Springing to his feet, the boy began to dart for the door. Then he stopped

"Hold on . . ." he husked. "If I do that, he'll still get away. Maybe . . . maybe there's a chance . . ."

In the kitchen, Big Al Murdock took his time finishing the food. He had been very hungry and cold, and he enjoyed stuffing down the meat and bread—and thinking of the posse that would be combing the forest for him while he was riding away through the storm.

Still smiling, he picked up his gun again and stepped through the door into the other room.

As he put his foot down—WHANG!

SOMETHING caught on it with tremendous gripping force, flinging his gun yards away and throwing him to the floor. Unbelieving, he looked—and saw that his leg was gripped by a huge bear trap! It had not cut into his boot but it held him with unrelenting brute strength. Furious, the outlaw threw himself from side to side, trying to break free. But the jaws of the trap did not relax their hold.

"I wouldn't bother wriggling," Jimmy Cracker said, picking up his gun. "If that'll hold a four-hundred-pound black bear, it'll hold you."

Jimmy turned his head away and laughed. He was happy knowing his father would now have a different opinion of bear traps.

THE END

OUR GOOD NEIGHBOR...
The SOUTH AMERICAN COWBOY!

AT BRANDING TIME HORSES ARE ROPED, THROWN AND BRANDED! THERE'S A SMELL OF BURNING HAIR IN THE CORRALS AS IN OUR OWN WEST, MANY HORSES THAT'VE CHANGED OWNERS, MAY BEAR SEVERAL BRANDS!

BRANDING TIME!

BUSTING A WILD COLT!

FIRST, A COLT IS SINGLED OUT, ROPED, THROWN, BLINDFOLDED AND SADDLED! ONE COWBOY RELEASES THE HORSE AND AS IT LEAPS UP, ANOTHER RIDER MOUNTS! BITING, KICKING AND BUCKING THE HORSE BATTLES UNTIL HE'S CONQUERED!

A RIDER GETS HIS DRINK OF MATÉ!

PRACTICALLY EVERYONE STARTS THE DAY WITH A DRINK FROM THE MATÉ TUBE AND GOURD! THIS IS THE NATIONAL DRINK!

SUPPERTIME!

SITTING ON SEATS MADE OF ANIMAL HIP BONES, TIED AND COVERED WITH RAWHIDE, TWO GAUCHOS ARE BUSY, ROASTING MEAT AND PLAYING THE GUITAR. THIRD MAN IS DRINKING MATÉ, (OR PARAGUAY TEA), MADE FROM THE LEAVES OF EVERGREENS OF THE HOLLY FAMILY... AND SUCKED THRU A METAL TUBE!

OSTRICH HUNTING!

OSTRICH HUNTERS CUT A BIRD FROM THE FLOCK, OVERTAKING IT, THEY LET FLY THEIR WHIRLING BOLAS!

OUR GOOD NEIGHBOR...

The SOUTH AMERICAN COWBOY!

GAUCHO OF THE PAST!

MANY MANY YEARS AGO, WHITE MEN CAME HERE, AND MINGLING WITH THE NATIVES, GRADUALLY EVOLVED A DEFINITE DISTINCTIVE TYPE OF MALE, WHO DEVELOPED INTO THE COUNTERPART OF OUR COWBOY AND KNOWN AS THE SOUTH AMERICAN "GAUCHO"!

WHEN A GAUCHO LETS FLY HIS BOLA, HIS AIM MUST BE PERFECT! OTHERWISE, HIS WEAPON IS HARMLESS AND WILL NOT THROW THE BIRD OR ANIMAL!

GAUCHO AND BOLA!

SOME OF THESE CARTS ARE STILL USED! HIGH WHEELS MAKE IT EASIER TO GET THRU MUD AND WATER! THE WAGON TOPS ARE LEATHER STRETCHED OVER HOOPS! SIX HORSES ABREAST, HAUL THESE CARTS, WHICH MAY BE LOADED WITH GRAIN, HIDES, BALED HAY, OR HIDES!

HIGH-WHEELED CARTS!

THE GAUCHOS SPEND MANY HOURS MAKING THEIR BOLOS.... TAKING GREAT PRIDE IN THEIR WORKMANSHIP!

CUTTING COWHIDE IN STRIPS!

LEATHER GUARDS PROTECT THE RIDER'S LEGS FROM BRUSH AND THORNS! IN SOME VERY RUGGED REGIONS, A GUARD IS ATTACHED TO THE HORSE'S CHEST FOR PROTECTION

THE GAUCHO'S "CHAPS"!

THE BULL HAS BEEN ROPED AND THROWN! GAUCHOS HAVE GREAT SKILL IN HANDLING HORSES AND CATTLE! BUT THEY'RE NOT CRUEL! USUALLY, THE BULL'S NECK IS CAUGHT BETWEEN CORRAL'S RAILS AND HE IS THEN RINGED!

PUTTING THE RING IN A BULL'S NOSE!

GARO

AND

THE CURSE OF THE GOD RAMA

"PRINCE OF THE JUNGLE"

THIS PART OF THE FOREST, ABUNDANT IN GAME, WAS SACRED TO THE GOD RAMA! BY ANCIENT HINDU CUSTOM, IT WAS FORBIDDEN TO HUNT HERE EXCEPT TO KILL MAN EATING TIGERS! GARO, PROTECTOR OF THE JUNGLE FOLK NEARLY LOSES HIS LIFE FIGHTING A USURPER WHO SOUGHT TO VIOLATE THE COVENANT BETRAY A PRINCE AND DEFILE A TEMPLE BEFORE FALLING VICTIM TO

THE CURSE OF THE GOD RAMA!

THESE HUNTERS TALK OF MAN-EATING TIGERS, BAGHEERA BUT LET US KEEP WATCH! I DO NOT TRUST HUNTERS.

WE SEEM UNABLE TO GET ONTO THE MAN EATER'S TRAIL, SHANKAR! WHY NOT BAG SOME OTHER GAME...

THIS IS A SACRED FOREST, DARACHANGI, MY BROTHER! THE GOD RAMA'S WRATH WILL DESCEND ON WHOM-EVER BREAKS THE SACRED LAW.

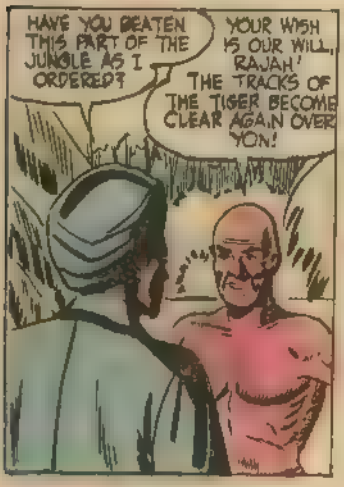
RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

I CANNOT UNDERSTAND, YOUR HIGHNESS, YOUR BELIEVING IN THESE FAIRY TALES! ONE MIGHT THINK YOU WERE AN IGNORANT HUNTER INSTEAD OF AN ENLIGHTENED AND MODERN RULER...
YOU HAVE LIVED TOO LONG IN ENGLAND, KAMLA, AND HAVE FORGOTTEN THE FAITH OF YOUR FATHERS..
THE YOUNG RAJAH HAS BEEN REARED IN THE PIETY OF THE GODS! IT WILL NOT BE ME WHO BREAKS THE COVENANT OF THE SACRED JUNGLE...
THE TIGER TRACKS LED THE HUNTING PARTY INTO AN UNEXPLORED PART OF THE JUNGLE BUT THE TRACKS WERE COLD, AND SHANKAR DECIDED TO REGAIN HIS CAMPSITE!
WE HAD BEST RETURN! THE MAN-KILLER HAS ELUDED US! I HAD SOME TRAPS SET UP FOR HIM NEAR OUR CAMP! PERHAPS WE SHALL HAVE BETTER LUCK THERE!
OOOOPS... I SLIPPED! SHANKAR!
DARACHANDL. HELP!
HELP... SOMEBODY... HELP!
YOU ARE SAVED, BELOVED RAJAH!
I THANK THE GODS THAT YOU ARE SPARED TO YOUR PEOPLE AND TO US YOUR HIGHNESS!
I THOUGHT THAT YOU DID NOT BELIEVE IN OUR GODS, LADY KAMLA!
I BEG FORGIVENESS, SHANKAR! I SLIPPED AND TWISTED MY FOOT!

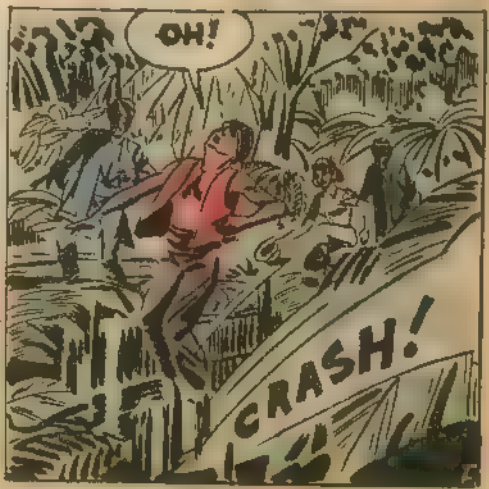
RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

BE WARNED BY ME, RAJAH! YOUR STEP BROTHER AND HIS WIFE THEY WISH YOU HARM! THAT WHICH HAPPENED WAS NO ACCIDENT...
YOU ARE OVERLY SUSPICIOUS, DASGUPTA DARACHANG! SLIPPED AND LOST HIS FOOTING

...THIS FOREST IS SACRED TO THE GOD RAMA, KAMLA! AND BY AN OLD INDIAN CUSTOM, NO ONE CAN HUNT HERE, EXCEPT TO KILL MAN-EATING TIGERS...
YOU DON'T REALLY BELIEVE IN THESE SUPERSTITIONS, OR DO YOU, YOUR HIGHNESS?


HAVE YOU BEATEN THIS PART OF THE JUNGLE AS I ORDERED?
YOUR WISH IS OUR WILL, RAJAH! THE TRACKS OF THE TIGER BECOME CLEAR AGAIN OVER YON!

IT WOULD BE WISE IF YOU WALKED AHEAD OF THE RAJAH, IN THIS PART OF THE JUNGLE DARACHANG'S GUN BEARERS HAVE BEATEN THIS TRAIL, AND I PUT LITTLE TRUST IN THEM, EITHER!



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

HE SAVED YOUR LIFE, MY PRINCE!
POOR DEVIL! HE WILL RECEIVE A STATE FUNERAL!
OH THE POOR MAN!
LATER, BACK AT THE CAMP SITE, THE OLD COUNSELOR, DASGUPTA, RENEWED HIS ATTEMPT TO DISSUADE THE PRINCE FROM PROLONGING THE HUNT..
YOU ARE PREY TO AN OLD MAN'S FANCIES, DASGUPTA, THE LADY KAMLA WAS BESIDE US AND COULD HAVE FALLEN INTO THE SAME TRAP.
THE MEMSAHIB KEPT HERSELF WELL ON THE SHOULDER OF THE PATH WHERE NO HARM COULD BEFALL HER. AND DID SHE NOT DROP HER HELMET AT A MOST OPPORTUNE TIME....
A MERE COINCIDENCE, DASGUPTA! WE ARE NOT YET RETURNING TO AMIPUR! THIS IS OUR WILL!
MEANWHILE NOT FAR AWAY, PARACHAND AND KAMLA CONFIRM THE OLD COUNSELOR'S SUSPICIONS.
YOU CLUMSY FOOLS! I REGRET THAT I TOOK YOUR ADVICE! NOW THE RAJAH WILL SUSPECT US! WE SHOULD HAVE KIDNAPPED HIM IMMEDIATELY INSTEAD OF WAITING FOR YOUR "ACCIDENTS" TO FAIL SO MISERABLY!
WHAT'S YOUR ORDER, LADY?
WE SHALL ACT TONIGHT! WHEN THE PRINCE'S ASLEEP YOU MEN WILL...
A LARGE GROUP OF PEOPLE IS COMING THIS WAY AND O HORSES
HURRY! THERE'S THE TEMPLE. WE MUST RETURN BEFORE DAY BREAK!

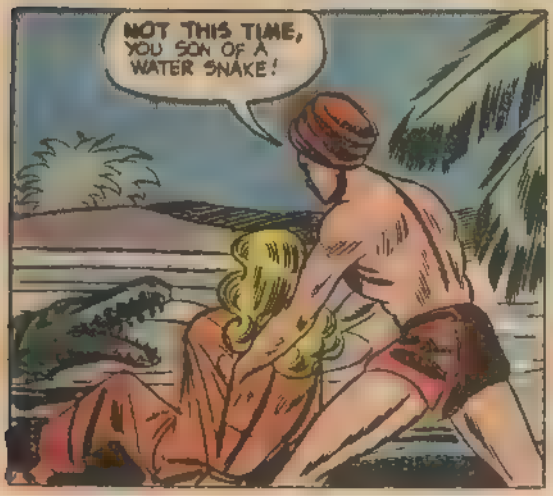
RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

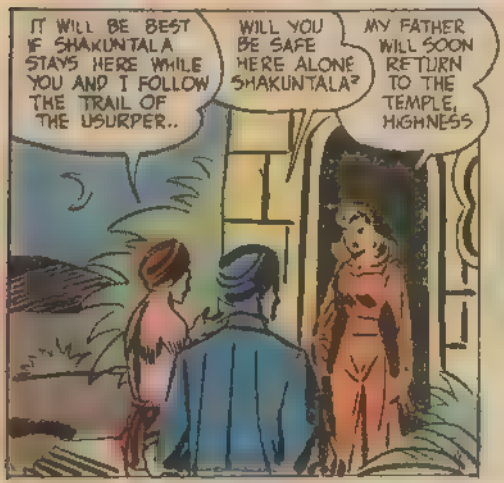
IT IS THE SAME PARTY THAT SOUGHT THE MAN EATING TIGER BUT I SEE THEY HAVE CAPTURED THE YOUNG RAJAH INSTEAD! LET US HIDE BAGHEERA AND WATCH PERHAPS WE CAN SAVE HIM!
PUT HIM THERE ON THE ROCKS! THE CROCODILES WILL FINISH HIM IN A SHORT WHILE. AND I
THIS IS A SACRED POOL KAMLA! THE WRATH AND THE CURSE OF THE GOD RAMA WILL DESCEND ON US IF WE COMMIT SACRILEGE
WHEN I BECOME RANEE OF AMIPUR, MY WRATH AND CURSES WILL HAVE MORE WEIGHT THAN THOSE OF A SILLY IDOL!
I STILL DON'T LIKE IT, KAMLA!
BUT INSIDE A TEMPLE THAT BORDERS THE POOL SHAKUNTALA WATCHES FROM FROM THE WINDOW ...
I MUST AID THE RAJAH! BUT HOW? AH, IF ONLY MY FATHER WERE HERE AND I WERE NOT SO HELPLESS AND ALONE!
HASTEN! WITH EVERY MINUTE THAT PASSES PASGUPTA AND THE RAJAH'S MEN WILL BECOME MORE DIFFICULT TO HANDLE!

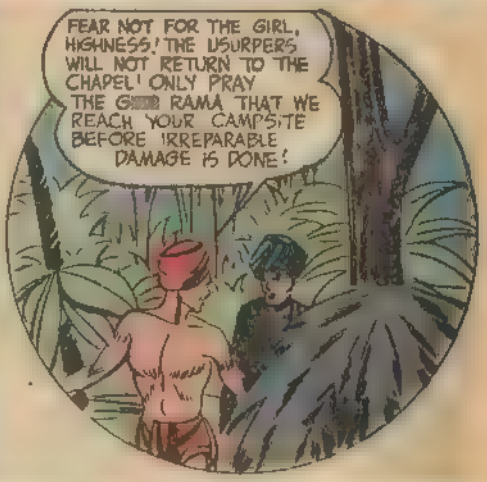
RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

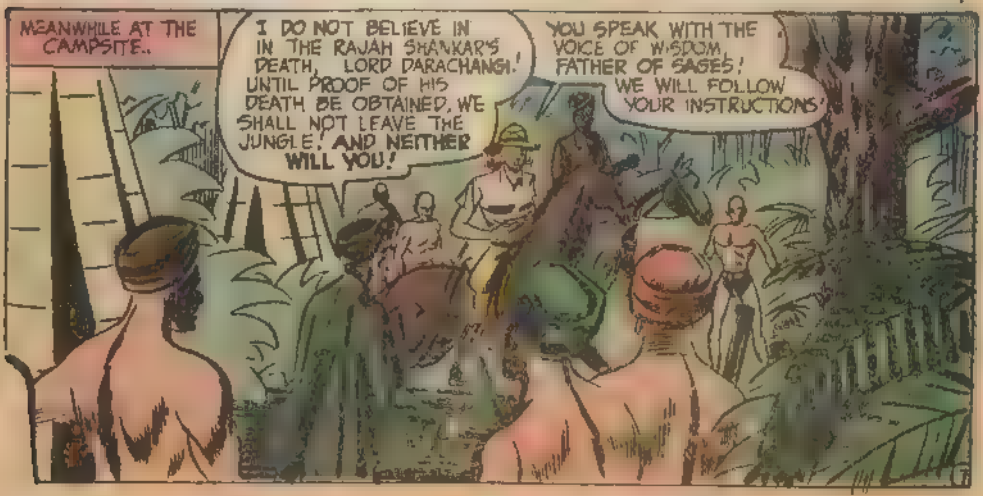
MEANWHILE, THE DANGER INCREASES FOR THE UNCONSCIOUS PRINCE!
COME BAGHEERA! WE MUST SAVE THE PRINCE BEFORE THE CROCODILES REACH HIM!
CAREFUL!
OH! I'VE SLIPPED!
HELP!

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE




IT WILL BE BEST IF SHAKUNTALA STAYS HERE WHILE YOU AND I FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF THE USURPER..
WILL YOU BE SAFE HERE ALONE SHAKUNTALA?
MY FATHER WILL SOON RETURN TO THE TEMPLE, HIGHNESS


FEAR NOT FOR THE GIRL, HIGHNESS! THE USURPERS WILL NOT RETURN TO THE CHAPEL! ONLY PRAY THE GODS RAMA THAT WE REACH YOUR CAMPSITE BEFORE IRREPARABLE DAMAGE IS DONE!


MEANWHILE AT THE CAMPSITE..
I DO NOT BELIEVE IN IN THE RAJAH SHANKAR'S DEATH, LORD DARACHANGI! UNTIL PROOF OF HIS DEATH BE OBTAINED, WE SHALL NOT LEAVE THE JUNGLE! AND NEITHER WILL YOU!
YOU SPEAK WITH THE VOICE OF WISDOM, FATHER OF SAGES! WE WILL FOLLOW YOUR INSTRUCTIONS!

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

DO NOT MISS A CHANCE TO GET RID OF THE OLD FOOL! ONCE HE'S OUT OF OUR WAY, IT WILL BE EASY TO CONVINCE THE REST OF SHANKAR'S "ACCIDENTAL" DEATH!
THEN I WILL BE RAJAH OF AMIPUR!
HE THINKS HE WILL BE MASTER OF AMIPUR! THE STUPID FOOL!
THAT SERPENT MAY BE THE ANSWER!
DARACHANGI'S HORSE REARS AND THROWS DASGUPTA!
A THOUSAND PARDONS DASGUPTA!
HE'LA!
WE MUST SAVE DASGUPTA!
NO! NOT WITH A GUN!
WITH THIS!

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

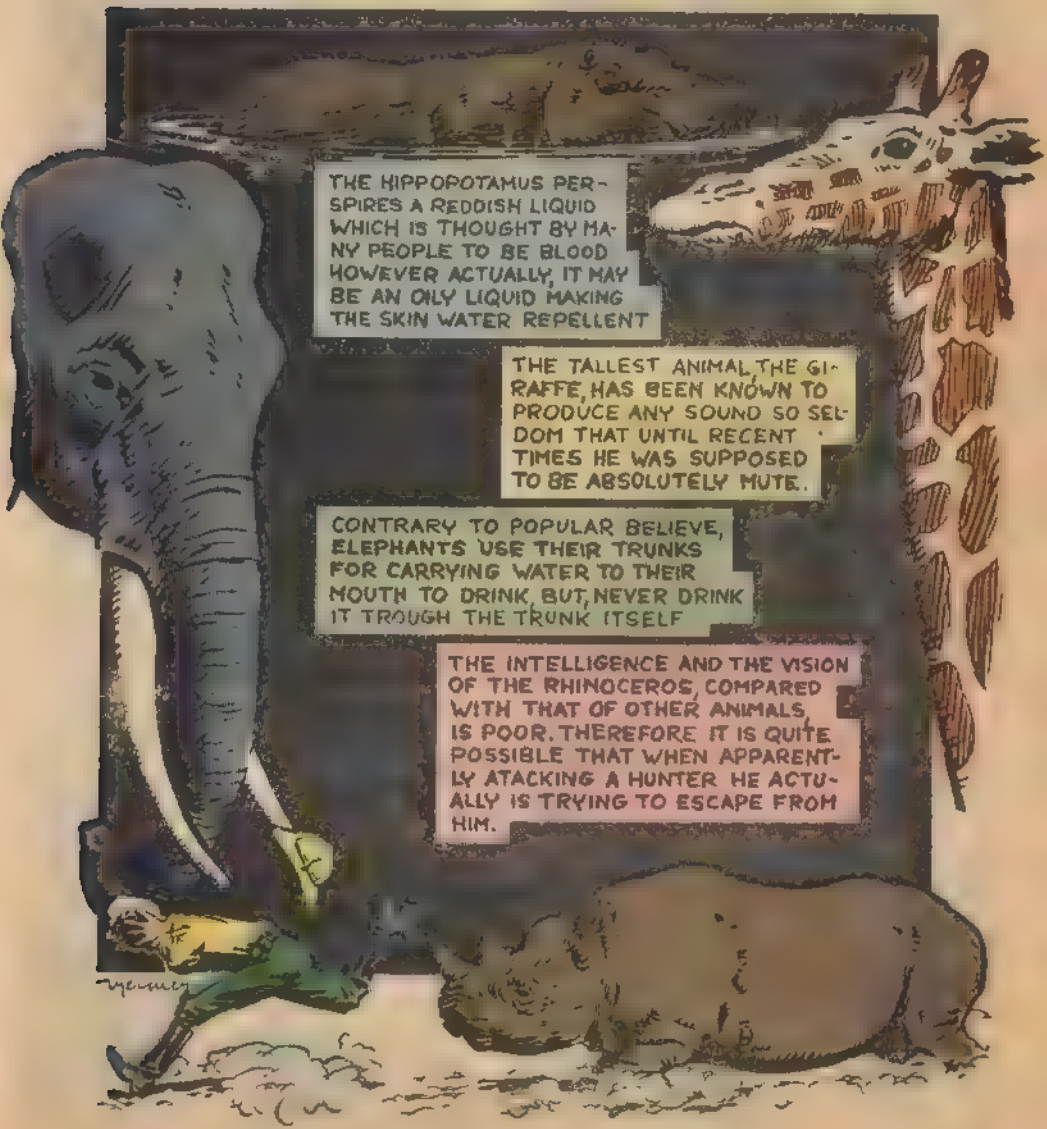
GARO SLEW THE PYTHON . BUT IT WAS TOO LATE. THE OLD MAN WAS DEAD! NOW, ONCE AGAIN, THEIR OWN LIVES ARE IN DANGER... AS A BULLET WHIZZES BY.
WHAT...
WHIZZZ
BANG
THE USURPERS ARE FLEEING, HIGHNESS! THEY ARE GOING TOWARD THE TEMPLE OF THE GOD RAMA!
AFTER THEM!
AFTER THEM, BAGHEERA!
MASTER!
MEANWHILE, NEAR THE TEMPLE ..
QUICK! INSIDE THE TEMPLE! THE SUPERSTITIOUS FOOLS WILL NOT DARE FOLLOW US IN HERE!
GRAB THE GIRL! WE'LL USE HER AS A HOSTAGE .. YOUR STEP-BROTHER ALWAYS WAS A CHIVALROUS FOOL!
THERE IS A BACK WAY!
THEY'VE SEIZED SHAKUNTALA!
THERE IS NOTHING WE CAN DO BUT... BAGHEERA!

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

HELP, GARO; HELP!
WHA...H?
ARRRGCH!
AS SOON AS THE GIRL WAS SAFE, GARO LEAPT ONTO THE BRIDGE. UNABLE TO REACH THE USURPERS, THERE WAS STILL ONE WAY LEFT FOR HIM TO METE OUT THEIR JUST PUNISHMENT. TO AVENGE THEIR BETRAYAL OF THE PRINCE AND SACRILEGE AGAINST THE TEMPLE OF RAMA!
HELP!!!
MAY THUS PERISH ALL WHO BETRAY THEIR TRUST AND OFFEND THE SACRED GODS OF INDIA!
OUR THANKS GARO, SON OF THE JUNGLE! WE WISH YOU COULD COME WITH US TO AMPUR.. AND BE OUR FRIEND!
YOU ARE GENEROUS, MIGHTY RAJAH BUT I MUST REMAIN HERE STILL YOUR FRIEND! THE JUNGLE, IS MY HOME AND HERE TOO, DWELL MY PEOPLE WHOSE PEACE I AM PLEDGED TO MAINTAIN TO MY LIFE'S END!
THE END

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

DID YOU KNOW THIS ABOUT THEM ?


THE HIPPOPOTAMUS PERSPIRES A REDDISH LIQUID WHICH IS THOUGHT BY MANY PEOPLE TO BE BLOOD HOWEVER ACTUALLY, IT MAY BE AN OILY LIQUID MAKING THE SKIN WATER REPELLENT
THE TALLEST ANIMAL, THE GIRAFFE, HAS BEEN KNOWN TO PRODUCE ANY SOUND SO SELDOM THAT UNTIL RECENT TIMES HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ABSOLUTELY MUTE.
CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEVE, ELEPHANTS USE THEIR TRUNKS FOR CARRYING WATER TO THEIR MOUTH TO DRINK, BUT, NEVER DRINK IT TROUGH THE TRUNK ITSELF
THE INTELLIGENCE AND THE VISION OF THE RHINOCEROS, COMPARED WITH THAT OF OTHER ANIMALS, IS POOR. THEREFORE IT IS QUITE POSSIBLE THAT WHEN APPARENTLY ATACKING A HUNTER HE ACTUALLY IS TRYING TO ESCAPE FROM HIM.

KITTY KAT KAVALCADE

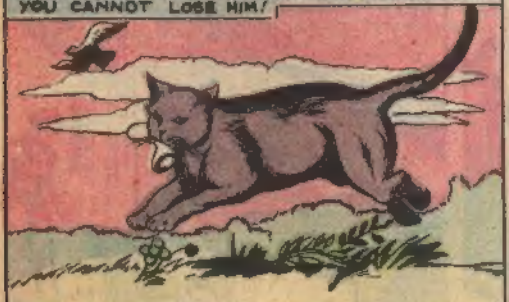
CATS HAVE BEEN DOMESTIC PETS FOR OVER 4000 YEARS. THEIR EGYPTIAN FOREBEARS WERE CALLED "MAOU"!

THEY WENT HUNTING IN THE MARSHES, RETRIEVING THE DUCKS THEIR MASTERS SHOT DOWN!

THE CHINESE TELL TIME BY THE PUPIL OF A CAT'S EYE! IT IS EXTREMELY SENSITIVE TO LIGHT, SHRINKS IN STRONG LIGHT, EXPANDS IN DARKNESS!

CATS CANNOT SEE IN THE DARK... NEITHER CAN ANY OTHER ANIMAL!

A CAT'S SENSE OF LOCALITY IS EXTRAORDINARY! YOU CANNOT LOSE HIM!

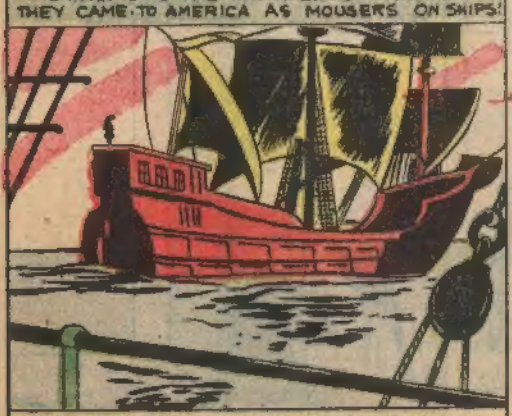


BECAUSE OF THIS TRAIT A BELGIAN SOCIETY WAS FORMED IN 1877 TO TRAIN CATS TO REPLACE CARRIER PIGEONS!

WHY ARE CATS ALWAYS WASHING?

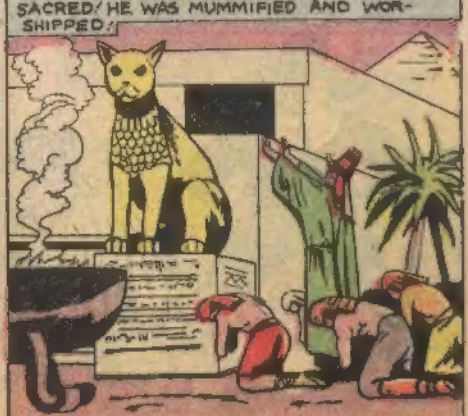
BECAUSE IN A WILD STATE THEY HAVE TO HUNT THEIR FOOD BY STEALTH, AND SO HAVE TO REMOVE ALL TELL-TALE ODORS, ESPECIALLY RIGHT AFTER EATING.

AMERICAN CATS ARE NATURALIZED CITIZENS! THEY CAME TO AMERICA AS MOUSERS ON SHIPS!



FROM THIS FACT WE GET MANY NAUTICAL TERMS, "CAT-HEAD," "CATWALK" AND "CAT-O-NINE-TAILS"!

IN ANCIENT EGYPT THE CAT WAS HELD SACRED! HE WAS MUMMIFIED AND WORSHIPPED!



MUMMIFIED MICE WERE PUT IN HIS TOMB!

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

ROMAN LEGIONS IN EGYPT ADOPTED CATS AS THEIR MASCOTS AND EVEN USED THEM ON THEIR BANNERS.

IN THAT WAY THE TRIBE OF CATS WAS SREAD THROUGHOUT EUROPE.

SIAMESE CATS ARE DIFFERENT FROM OUR VARIETY. THEY HAVE A HOARSE BARK LIKE A DOG.

THEY CAN BE USED AS WATCH DOGS AND CAN ALSO BE TRAINED TO THE LEASH AND TAKEN FOR A STROLL.

IN THE MIDDLE AGES NO WITCH WAS COMPLETE WITHOUT A CAT.

THE REASON IS THAT A CAT'S FUR GIVES OFF SPARKS OF STATIC ELECTRICITY...FROM THIS GREW MANY SUPERSTITIONS.

IN FRANCE A BACHELOR SHOULD STEP ON A CAT'S TAIL AT LEAST ONCE A YEAR.

THERE IS A BELIEF THAT IF HE DOES SO HE WILL FIND NO MATE FOR THE NEXT TWELVE MONTHS.

WHEN A WALOON MAIDEN DISMISSES HER SUITOR SHE PRESENTS HIM WITH A CAT.

THE IDEA IS FOR HIM TO GO HOME AND COUNT IT'S HAIRS.

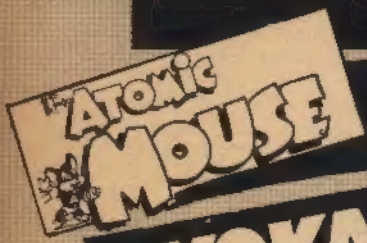
"IT'S THE CAT'S WHISKERS" HAS A REAL MEANING...

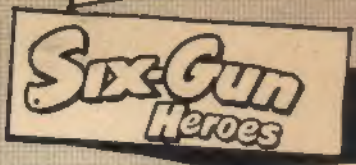
A CAT'S WHISKERS ARE MOST USEFUL AT NIGHT, FOR THEN THEY ACT AS FEELERS TO ENABLE IT TO GET IN AND OUT OF SMALL SPACES.

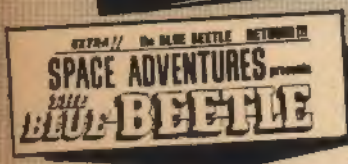
THE END

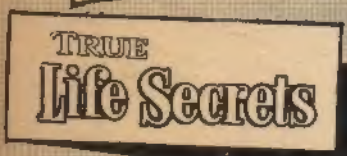
FOR TOPS IN ENTERTAINMENT

READ THE FOLLOWING APPROVED COMICS









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